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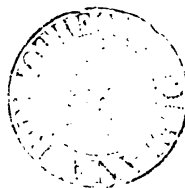
With kind regards of
the Author.

VISIONS
OF THE
WESTERN RAILWAYS.

VISIONS
OF THE
WESTERN RAILWAYS.

DEDICATED TO
SIR CHARLES LEMON, BART.,
M. P. FOR THE WESTERN DIVISION OF CORNWALL.

[Printed for Private Circulation.]



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VISIONS OF THE RAILWAY.

ARGUMENT.

MEN are perchance permitted to search for hidden, yet established, harmonies in creation—unseen influences may even be commissioned to teach them; from which, in some sort, may have arisen heathen mythologies, and which haunt, in very truth, the “wood and stream.” Thus, there are analogies between the skies of nations and their characters—the cowslip-meadow is made as evidently to bask in, as is the desert for speed; so the plains of Cornwall, which cannot be reconciled to the plough, may be purposed for the embodied flight of a Railway. Over the brow of the sleeping county such thoughts are borne by her guardian spirit, who teaches her relations, and, in her morning dreams dictates a hymn to Art.

ARGUMENT OF THE HYMN TO ART.

The angel describes Nature as at first created, and alone, like Adam in Eden; then the birth of Art out of the very substance, and to supply the need, of Nature; and shows how language, music, and poetry were perfected by Art from their original or natural forms. The progress of Art in teaching the modes of civilised life leads but to excess, and to the Deluge; where the single remnant of her skill is the ark. When Art had been compelled again to minister to the evil thoughts of man at the Tower of Babel, her rule is extended by the dispersion of mankind, and she passes, by Babylon and Egypt, by Judea and Persia, to Greece and Rome; and when the Goths drove Art from Italy, the angel shows how she

again sought refuge in the East, whence, as if to avenge herself on the Goths, she taught the invasion of Spain; but, as the crescent was ordained to fall before northern intellect, Art passed again to Italy, and taught the compass. Art is then shown to be enshrined in this light of navigation, and fixed in England—the praise of ships is sung, and gold, hitherto the bane of Art, is said to be sanctified on English ground to the service of heaven; also, all that Art had taught before of language and music, which are the expression of poetry; the temples which Art had instructed men to build; the lore of Greece and Rome, of Arabia and the Goths, all are placed to divine uses.

Although the victories of Art may not all be described—her skill in flowers and water-colours, the pride of England; or sculpture—yet Britain must praise her for ships and steam-boats—then Cornwall is taught to plead for Railways. As Art has enabled Cornwall to reveal riches from below, it will be a greater triumph if a surface, hitherto barren, can be made to feed her children by the speed of traffic.

Successive visions present to Cornwall a reprieve borne down the Railway by a Government Express.—Again, the Express carrying dispatches for Spain—and the same, at night, gained over to bear a lover to his lady on the coast.—A vision of Bristol is presented, and of the Life-guards brought down the line to the relief of the city, during another riot.—Another vision passes, of the English Geologists attending with greater facilities the meeting of the Royal Geological Society of Cornwall at Penzance; with an address to Professor Sedgwick, and some remembrance of the meeting at Penzance, in 1836, when the members of the British Association (and among them one, whom, while science is compelled to lose, she venerates,) added to its brilliancy: and the last vision of Cornubia is the picture of her Railway workmen.

VISIONS
OF THE
WESTERN RAILWAYS.

IN the still depth of the Italian heaven,
Bright with His presence, blessed with His love,
In the thin clouds at eve, by west winds driven,
Free as His yoke on earth, His laws above,
Angels unweave to man God's harmonies,
With consecrated tone that never dies.

These notes arose of old, by wood and stream,
To Theban shepherd and Arcadian maid ;
These ministers, in guise of gods arrayed,
Became the fables of their beauteous dream ;
Such call the poor, in Britain's cowslip vales,
To linger there, and hear their heavenly tales :

Such, tho' unseen, to tented Ishmaelite,
Brought the wild freedom of the Arab steed,
Whose beauteous eye anticipating flight,
Waits on his lord's, that wand'ring will to read ;
And, gazing at the home *he* seeks to gain,
Can see no distance in the endless plain.

Voices, along the wide and barren moor
Gather, Cornubia, on thy sleep at night ;
Visions are swept across that rocky floor,
Swifter than sea-birds' shadows, o'er thy sight,
Adown a line of granite-floated steel,
Where onward rolls an unreluctant wheel

Instinct with its own life—and gold is borne,
And trade of earth, and things too fond and fair
To linger in that far and restless air :
But when the brightning east betrays the morn,
Thy guarding spirit, ere the dream be gone,
Informs it with prophetic orison.

HYMN TO ART.



BEFORE the morning star did Nature rise,
 And walked, in His likeness, and His sight,
 Within the early bowers of Paradise ;
 And now, at eve, faint with her own delight,
 She lay upon wild flowrets sleeping,
 In a viewless atmosphere
 Of forms desiring to appear,
 And unembodied thoughts ; and waiting near
 Were nameless eyes, their vigils o'er her keeping,
 With music, hid in undevelop'd tone ;
 But she, their queen, had ever been alone,

Nature
 sleeps
 among the
 germs of
 creation,
 which Art
 shall expand,
 and among
 creatures
 unnamed.

In that wide kingdom, 'mid the rights of earth
 And gifts of heaven—too blest to be alone ;
 She sought the germs of being, the spirit of birth
 And death, and how her sudden life had grown :

From
natural
tones and

She search'd the sounds of streams, and of winds
blended

natural
language

With whisperings from bough to bough,

And thoughts along a creature's brow,

And loves which those tale-telling eyes avow—

she
sought
speech
and
letters.

She search'd, if these were types and laws commended

To the creation of a voiced thing,

Which she should speak, or stay, binding its wing.

And she
sought
music fit

And when she lay, day-dreaming in the sun,

Imaginations came of lowly bowers,

Which she would fill with songs, by birds begun,

And unisons of yet unfashion'd flowers,

As fit expression for the gentle dwelling.

for home

In the solemnity of night,

Temples arose, height over height,

or heaven,

Pile upon pile, shutting the stars from sight,

Where worshipping tones appear'd to waken, swelling

Out of low thunder-storms at her command—

Such things she longed for, but could not understand.

and poetry.

And when, in all she saw and search'd and sought,

There seemed another life, beyond their life ;

And in the beautiful scenes of sense and thought

Some hidden beauty yet, a thrilling strife

Rose at her heart, for a new influence yearning,
To form and clothe each loveliness
With one more lovely, and to dress
The light their radiant looks express
With more angelic garments, white and burning.
If He had made a land beside her own,
Where was her sister-queen, and why was she alone?

Such was the current of her sleeping thought,
Warm as her heart's, and, when again she woke,
A perfect form, born of herself, and wrought
Of her fair substance, on her slumbers broke.
Oh thou supremest Art ! star-imaged, making
And made of light—revealed Hand
Whose track is beauty, thou didst stand
By that still sleep, waiting to yield thy wand !
While she to thy broad brow bow'd her heart waking.
Love spoil'd this strife of who should most confer,
And gave thee Nature's realm to be adorned for
her.

How quickly fled that first and happy day,
When thou didst show (to learn her gentle mind)
The craft of speech, and, all she felt, array,
In woven words, that she might all unwind.

On silver sands, beneath the even lying,
 Then, first, she saw encharacter'd
 The mystery of a written word,
 And flying forms detain'd which she had only heard;
 Oh, to the young, the lov'd, the wise, the dying,
 The triumphing of language since that hour;
 Godlike in that it cannot tell it's power!

With such a soft and melancholy sound
 Threemodes Stole earliest music on her captive ear,—
 So like the waterfalls and eve-winds round—
 of music Its only *visible* token was a tear ;
 taught; While summer nightingales arous'd the morning,
 (As from their silver throats again) -
 The rapture of that rising strain
 Shone from her heart and cours'd her thrilling brain.
 When tones came grand as Death, or like his warning,
 Entranc'd, she knew not how to choose the deep
 Emotion of decay, to joy, or weep.

and poetry But chiefest, when her lit and earnest eyes
 which Saw not the things, though fair, whereon they gaz'd,
 For gazing on their inner mysteries;
 Wise Art revealed Poesy, and rais'd

The veiling thrown o'er Beauty's hidden treasures.

recasts
natural
objects.

From ev'ry form, and ev'ry thought,

Was a remoulded substance wrought,

More exquisite in guise which she had brought—

So Poesy was wrapp'd in Music's measures,

And words' enchantments, as the sun in light

And indivisible heat, and burned forth more bright.

Alas! thou earth-crown'd arbitress of time!

Alas, that man should gaze, and bow the knee,

Yet turn thy fruits to poison in each clime,

And waste thy wisdom while he worships thee.

Wide cities, temples like the eternal mountains,

The pomp of life, its wide estate,

Which thou hadst taught him to create,

Became his fuel to intoxicate

With bitter waters drawn from those sweet foun-
tains—

The lonesome Ark, which heaven-taught Art has
built,

Floats o'er the floods that hide him and his guilt.

Did man, untaught by suffering, wise to rove,

Compel thee to his will, in Shinar's plain?

He that would rise with heav'nly art above

Should still be humble, lest he fall again,

Relaxing in the sun his daring pinions.

The impious tower, at His decree

Confused, became eternally

A monument of language rais'd to thee.

Their vexed speech spread men through earth's domi-
nions ;

And spread thy conquests, and uncarnag'd fields :

Purple Chaldea heard thy voice and yields,

Thou gavest many-portal'd Babylon.

Egypt ask'd temples for her deities—

Judea for the high and holy One—

And, for the noblest of idolatries,

Th' enraptur'd Persian sought a fane like heaven :

Thine answer by the reeded Nile

Is graven yet, and in the pile

Of old Persepolis, with ling'ring peristyle ;—

No stone remaineth to the unforgiven :

None other temple chang'd, yet there was none

But *should* have chang'd, its love, save that of Solo-
mon.

Then pass'd thy rule th'unruly Hellespont,

And thron'd itself upon the mind of man ;

Thine empire was his broad and open front,

Thy seat, the lands of Greece, wherein began

The date of thy decrees—the fountains of persuasion
Were stricken for Demosthenes ;
The Stagyrite awakes, and sees
The path of Truth, then dreams again of subtleties.
Upon the shores above to make invasion
Did vision'd sleep enable the Divine,
That he might show how Art in heaven will shine ?

Didst thou not hide thine intellectual eye
And shamed brow, within luxurious Rome ?
Thou gavest not thy wise philosophy,
And crowded store of temple, tower, and dome,
To serve the passing hour—in vain she strove to fashion
Enjoyment into happiness :
The modes of sense, which may not bless,
Were stolen from thee, growing to pale excess,
And all the weakness of successful passion—
Queen of the shows of life, of those alone,
She gave to howling Goths her unresisting throne !

From what new rapture in that Eastern home,
Which thy foot sought again, didst thou awake
Revealing th' Arabesque ? or whence did come
Th' enchanted palace-baths, where noontides slake
Their sultrinesses 'mid intercolumnar shading
Of marble stems, and branches spread,

With leaf and tendril overhead,
Carv'd in the tracery work of light which thou hadst
shed ?

'Tis now, for us to dream (among the fading,
Yet deathless, tones from Arabic fountain-fall,)
Of star-pav'd water-courts, and moon-like moulded
hall.

Such thoughts are present rather than the host
Of turban'd ranks, and swarthy chivalry
In crescent power. Yet what is wholly lost,
That is enchronicled, sweet Spain, with thee ?
Embalmed in thy beauty and thy sorrow,
They lie, thine Afric conquerors :
Art fugitive from Gothic wars,
Is set to teach the trade which she abhors,
And vengeance on the Goths, who learn'd to borrow
The wit of their invaders, 'mid the strife,
And many a Moorish barb, and lovelier maiden wife.

Slav'd in a heartless and voluptuous creed,
The crescent bows before the northern mind ;
And Art is borne along, as by the speed
Of surges, rolling onwards with the wind,
From thought to thought, each adding strength and
motion
To that before. Warm Italy
From out the zenith of her sky
Look'd upon Europe, like the sun on high ;
So her Mediterranean was the ocean
That bore thy bark, O Art.—And was it then—
The hour thou bad'st the compass bless the barks of
men ?

If guardian spirits read in the stars by night
The future, from the lines the past has brought,
Did they not gaze upon that trembling light,
(Is it a fond and superstitious thought ?)
Till o'er the heaven its radiance pass'd and rested
Upon an *island* of the sea ?
She, that has been so great, so free,—
To whom the Main her grandeur gives, and liberty—
The queen of ships ; and she, that is invested
With almost apostolic power of good,
Bearing the bread of life to many a multitude

Of fainting nations, of the ice or sun.—

The white-wing'd church, called out to walk the
wave—

The breast, wherein salvation hath begun,

Sent bared forth to feed the earth, and save—

Did not o'er *her* that sea-star pause and tremble,

Ere o'er the north, and its first hour

Devote to deck an island-flower,

Pure as the lily of the waters, born to power

Amid the seas, and rule, where they assemble?

Fair queen! should there arise a rival in the west,

Strive which, in blessing most, shall most be blest!

Now, sweetest Art! no desert sand, no thorn

Shall vex thy planted foot; till nature dies,

The virgin being from which thy being was born,

And both are sainted in their native skies,

Dwell in that isle—the air is fraught with heaven;

From the first sorrow since thy birth

Of forfeit Paradise, the Earth

Hath offer'd *riches*, which have ever turned to
dearth.

'Tis Paradise again to the forgiven;

And through the gardens of this chastened land,

And 'mid the fair creations of thy hand,

The voice of God shall be the cool o' the day,
 The atmosphere where she would live and move,
 And have her being ; within the soften'd sway,
 Oh ! linger here, of him and of his love !
 Thy realm and Nature's hath he claimed and conse-
 crated ;

The many melodies of speech ;
 The words of music (that beseech
 And win the soul to feel that it is made to reach
 Their heavens,) and, of both, that wing elated
 The cherubim, adoring Poesy,
 Whose voice and music are the thought of the sky :

On these His seal is set, and on the shrines,
 (How well they date the land, and mark and mete,
 As o'er their gentle spires the glad sun shines,
 Seen from some lofty brow,) and o'er the seat
 Of laws, and the abodes of ancient learning,
 Where Greece and Rome to fall no more,
 Their wisdom, and refinement pour
 Through halls of Gothic light, mixed with Arabian
 lore—

All—all are claim'd—even the eye discerning
 The stars—the depths, their ores—thy curse of old—
 Nay—*start not*—He has ask'd and owns her gold.

Oh, go no more, anointed, crown'd, and blest!

Our faltering praise (too scant) shall bring no
blush—

We tell thee not of flowers, which thou hast dress'd

In ev'ry hue whence fragrantcy can gush

Upon the night, faint noon, or early morning:

Nor how thou marriest, in sweet hours,

Among those dew'd or rain-dropp'd flowers,

Whiteness and pencillings with water-coloured
dowers ;

Nor the soft heart seen through white stone adorning :

For she that loves, is loved not the less,

Because love cannot count her each caress.

Spare, if we tell, of ships—they are the thought

Of England, and her converse which the Earth

Hath heard or printed, and therein been taught

To read the natural language of her birth,

“ Love before war, but death before dishonour.”

Her hand and heart which cannot lie,

Point with those tall masts to the sky,

Quick to embrace the world or sway its destiny.

If she be Nature's realm, thou art the donor

Of those electric powers spread ev'rywhere,

Whose thunders lead to peace and purer air.—

Of those that float and fly along the main,
The barks of folded pinion, loth to soar,
Whom thou hast taught to tame some spirit, and chain
His motion to thy will, as at the oar,
A giant slave—they meet th' opposing waters,
And breast them with a manly mind
That leaveth unsuccess behind,
And seems to brace its brow with adverse wind;
Yet are they slim and graceful—as the daughters
That know *thee* not, O Art, like them they sway
The fate of many brave, and bring or bear away.

Spare if Cornubia praise thee yet once more,
Hear if she praise and answer if she kneel;
Give me the streams that never ask a shore,
The rivers of unundulating steel,
Which own thy will, like waters prophet-bidden,*
Through countries fainting but for them,
Where comes no mast, nor stern, nor stem,
That seek no sail and e'en the very winds contemn;
Where pass those stars of speed, whose life is hidden,
Or known but in illuminated flight,
Like falling spirits, seen above by night,

* 2 Kings iii. 9—20.

And thoughts of motion, and the wills of wings—

Make these to flow along the happier land ;

Did not my inner store of precious things

Obey the skilful beckoning of thy hand,

And pour upon the light their emulous blessing ?

Much more awake a *barren* breast,

Which yearns to offer hold and rest

To quick and living blood, although unblest

To feed its youth, and if, in such caressing,

Thou wound me, for my sons, fear not to harm

A Cornish mother's life—her heart's too warm.

So did she sleep, and to her waking thought
The same quick images were daily brought ;
And she would linger, musing, and believe,
She saw her wishes at creative eve.
One night she dreamed a dream—a youth—a wife—
The line enfreighted with their mutual life,
Borne by a brother's heart—an hour—a grave—
Oh will that desperate daring serve the time to save ?

VISION OF THE REPRIEVE.

It was the duty of a government engineer at Exeter to have his engine ready to start at a moment's notice to the coast, with expresses brought down the line from London: these locomotive engines travelled alone, at great speed, and were known by white signals.

It happened that a young non-commissioned officer, the brother of the government engineer so stationed at Exeter, was condemned to death on the coast, for a supposed breach of the laws of war; he was to die at sunset on parade. A reprieve came down the line from the War-office, and was committed to the engineer to bear on to the coast. The engine was all prepared for flight, but so little time remained, that nothing but his desperation could enable him to arrive before the sunset; if indeed it were possible.

Unknown to the condemned, his young wife had obtained the sad permission to be near him to the last, for she could die or live, but could not part with him. That the shock of the reprieve did not destroy her, resulted rather from her weakness and her sympathies; for she who would have perished with the fatal shot, lived on with her husband's life.

DECK'D in white flag, with panting heart of flame,
Enamoured of the strife with yielding space,
Lay the Express : and one, of gentle name,
Proud of a conscious power beyond his place,
Yet stricken with unmerited disgrace,
Served it there—he stood, all recklessly,
With fiery soul that flush'd not his pale face ;
A brother, guiltless and condemned, must die
At even, with the sun ; and yet he raised no eye

To the just heaven, where he *had* daily prayed :
The thought of suppliance died on the despair
That held him now ; a tremulous music, made
Upon his practised ear, fills the quick air,
And heralds an express—and may he dare
To open, with that sense of sudden speed,
His heart to fearfulness, changing his care ?
Off—he hath fled, fast as his glances read
His brother's life—day wanes—and shall he bleed ?

The sinking sun hangs broad upon the water ;
The sea bird hurries to her ev'ning rest ;
" Oh ! would she bear a sign to stay the slaughter,
That soon shall ring around her startled nest ;
Oh ! that the subtle gale, seeking the West,
Would wear my words bound to its wings of wind"—
So mutter'd he between his white lips pressed,
Which quivered once, lit with his triumphing mind,
When bird and breeze, all wearied, were, behind.

Then with the agony of flight came prayer—
Earth held him not, body nor soul—he felt
As God had made him monarch of the air,
Feeding his heart in heaven, to move and melt
It there with hope : yet still his red eye dwelt
Afar, within a sea-worn citadel—
On a young soldier's form—a form that knelt,
With bared breast, bound eyes, that may not tell
Their dying fondness, and their forc'd farewell.

Again he flash'd the life of his strain'd steed,
And fed his madden'd limbs with liberty.
Proud of his bursting blood, and, drunk with speed,
He tasks the faithful work,—dares it to die—
Mocking the artful immortality.
A tyrant with his own Promethean power :
Submit to Him who *gave* it from on high,
His inner soul is still'd like a bent flower
That feels the storm is past, though the clouds lower.

O man !—thou meeting line of earth, or heaven,
As it be darken'd yet with sin, and bear
The brand upon its brow, or be forgiven !
Fear not, although thy very sky should wear
A frown of clouds, the farther day is there :
And if, to prove, he hide thee from the light,
Cling, like thy pattern-lord, in thy despair,—
Yea ! though thine agony bedew the night ;
Or morn to the forsaken bring no passage bright—

Who is for this sufficient? Ah! not he,
Whose heart fell faster than the falling hour,
And sickened, as the day-beam touch'd the sea—
Save him, O God! he prayed, thine is the power,
Thine be the glory—fast clouds come and cower
Over the west—who sees the sun set now?
No eyes but Death's, keen-sighted to devour:
Others, and brave, are dimm'd with weeping—how
Tell they the time, who gaze on a young brow

Where time hath come not yet, ruffling the stream
Of her pure being? will it come to-day,
And write, what seemeth still some terrible dream,
In living lines, that will not pass away?—
Her heart was stillest 'mid that still array,
And nearer death than him her dying love.
A star comes out, like hope, but bars delay—
'Tis sunset—stay—upon the fort above,
A flash—and the white signal floateth, like the dove

That bore the branch of life—he comes ;—he comes ;—

Hark, to the rush—the ringing of the line.

Oh ne'er, like this, shall clarion, or the drum's

Rough handling, with those comrade's heartstrings
twine.

O'er-master'd by the creature's spirit, like wine,

He cannot stay it, though the goal was won :

It gasped a moment, seeming to divine

Its master's thought, and, while the work was done,

And the flung pardon fell, it bore him fainting on.

She was a woman—weak—weakest,—a wife :

Her delicate frame was mortal ev'rywhere,

With all her own, for with another life :

Death, which for her sweet self she did not spare,

For his, would she forbid to enter there :

So nature spread through her soul's atmosphere

The love whose gathered flame she might not bear,

And when her heart woke o'er her husband dear,

Its very danger saved it from her hope and fear.

She only did unbind his innocent eyes,
And stayed therein, with one long loving gaze,
In which he heard her words, and felt her sighs
Freshen his spirit, which, being sav'd, betrays
The forms of fear, that danger did not raise—
Then *first* he trembled, thoughtless of his own,
For her sad sufferance, 'mid that sudden maze
Of life and death and joy—but she had grown
To her woman's strength again, and he *knelt* on, alone.

Rich were her lips in their first odorous bloom,
(And richer he who owned their soft caress,)
But never had they parted in perfume,
Nor met again, in honied tenderness,
On his pale cheek, whom they were given to bless,
As now they dwelt upon that glowing steel :
But, past that short idolatry, tears press
With praises from her eyes, and so reveal
Her thoughts to God, which sobs would else conceal.

AGAIN, a vision of the fleet express.
It flies for Spain—is it the dove to bless?
Another, arm'd as by imperial Jove,
With eagle-winged messages of love.

Pro Hispania victrix Anglia, 1814—Mediatrix, 183 .

And now on secret ambassage again
He bore the white express; the signal—Spain.

If there be magic in that moving name,
Raising the buried past with a sweet word,
Then let it buy that beauty from the flame,
And fortunes, sold to the relentless sword.
Where for his country once the Spaniard warr'd,
He wageth with her parricidal strife:
Queen of the nations! hold those hands abhorr'd—
Hark to Iberia wailing as a wife—
Fearless, yet yearning for her warrior's life.

“ By the remembrances of Gothic blood,
Blended again on steeps whence Gaul was hurled;
By the proud fields where we, as victors, stood;
By the defiance on her flag unfurled,
' Peace with Britannia—warfare for the world :'
By the soft impress of each breathed vow,
Like an o'erthrilling lake by night-winds curl'd,
By Spain's own laurel bound upon thy brow,
Bear the green olive-branch, and save her, now.”

THE LADY OF THE MOUNT.

It was told of one young and noble, held far away, inland, "under governors," that he kept a promise to his sea-girt lady in St. Michael's Mount by gaining the night express on the Cornish Railway.

He was a very youth, yet had liv'd long,
For he had lov'd ; and, in the middle night,
When reverend tutor and domestic old
Had left him, so to sleep, as lovers sleep,
He flew on iron wings (more swift and bright
Than spoiled Ganymede and Danaë)
To save the pledge that smooth'd their last farewell,
"We meet ere midnight and her moon be set."

The moon had crossed the bay, and her slant light
Fell on the sea-ledge, where, in rocky chair,
Holy St. Michael reason'd with the stars.
Below, where at the casement idly swung
A silken cord, playing with the south wind,
A maiden sat, such as men see in dreams ;
(Some see no more, except in dreams, and heaven,)
Her drooped eye, like a pale violet,
With waiting on the lonely night seems wet ;
Her open breast, trusting the treach'rous air,
As if no other ill could enter there,
Would that first danger come to wound again,
Tells to her harp how nightingales complain.

SONG.

FOR SPANISH MUSIC.

ALAS ! the signal moon is gone,
 Dark lies the hill with the low light behind ;
 This low and moaning wind
 The midnight knows alone ;
 And all the stars are up that bind
 Her beauty, like a zone.

Why wilt thou linger, sweetest ?
 I mourn when thou art far ;
 Methinks the hours are fleetest,
 That lead the morning star—

He will not come—this dewy air
 Stills not the pulses of my burning brow ;
 My heart, that meets despair
 With hope, is fainting now—
 Fond heart ! to freight and dare
 Thy fortunes on a vow.—

I see, I see his bark afar,
As the still silvered clouds o'er the light west
move—

Forgive, forgive me, O my love !
The winds all music are ;
If I had seen that earthly star
I had not look'd above.

I see the wave retreating—
His foot is on the strand—
I feel the cordage meeting
The pressure of his hand.

Lie still my heart—he would not chide,
Did I confess this momentary fear ;
It grieveth not a woman's pride
To shed a woman's tear ;
The sun's away at eventide
When the dews appear.

VISION OF BRISTOL.

THE LIFE-GUARDS.

TO RICHARD BRICKDALE WARD, ESQ.

AGAIN at night, form'd in the fated square,
Rose the dominion of unlawful thoughts ;
Women were cowering by a ravished hearth,
Their strong defences quench'd and bound, like doves
When the bell'd falcon rides the heavens. Hark !
Louder than crackling flames, than louder crime,
A single trumpet streameth from afar.
That eloquent destruction threatened last
At Waterloo, when the young hearts of France,
That beat so nobly 'neath their proud cuirass,
Were overborne by prouder Chivalry.
And now the flashes of the iron-line—
A coming thunder as of mailed men—
A vision of dark horses, and white swords—
A shriek of quailing crime, and—all is still.

Once more the dreamy visions of her sleep,
Were tracked with rays of light in parallel,
And many, deep and hard in mines and rocks,
Moved o'er those lines to meet Cornubia's sons,
(And some perchance were borne along too fast
For those who lov'd their wit and company,)
Then brought her spirit thoughts and words of
Heaven—
And pictures of the kindliness of man.

ADDRESS OF CORNWALL TO PROFESSOR
SEDGWICK.

TO THE RIGHT REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF NORWICH.



DID God command thine eye with life o'erflowing,
To scan those worlds where life was never known ;
And thine immortal thought and language glowing
To picture ages, rul'd by Death alone ?
Did He anoint thy spirit's gen'rous tone,
To paint the Earth, endower'd and decked for man,
With buried gem and flowret-embryo strewn,
And, when matur'd the everlasting plan,
To ope the gates of life, and shew how time began ?

And did He call thee in His temple serving,
And consecrate thy mind's mysterious power,
To shew how man had swerv'd with woman swerving,
And death had come again, and darkness' hour ;
How to the second Adam, as her dower,
The Earth unclos'd the ruins of the Fall ;
And how fresh forms of love, and many a flower
Of Hope and Peace, but linger'd for the call—
Let there be light again, through heaven's exulting hall.

'Tis much that thou art prais'd and lov'd of man ;
'Tis more if thou be call'd and lov'd of Heaven ;
Thou art of either world a denizen,
Power and Priesthood over both is given ;
Then do thy spiriting gently ; as the leaven,
So wield th' electric love until it rise
Throughout men's natures, and, when softly riven,
Form in their very faults all sympathies,
And thus in teaching Earth, befit them for the skies.

When the beginning was not ; from the old
And everlasting time ; before the Earth
Had dressed her bosom in flowers ; ere fruits of gold,
And vallies soft, and fountains had their birth,
Or solitary rills their inner mirth.
Before the mountains, in the upper air,
Love's heralds, met, and the morn's fiery girth
That binds the heavens, had taught the nearest there
To glow the most ; before the twilights were ;

Before the fast bands of the sea were woven ;
Ere the foundations of the Earth were brought ;
Before the lines of Form had risen, and cloven
Th' abyss of light, leaving the brow of thought—
Then Wisdom was, a perfect being inwrought
Upon the spirit of Self-existence—first
Declare her beauty, let the paths be taught
Of all her ways, and youth and manhood nurs'd
And stayed therein, whom other lore alone had curs'd.

By her was swayed this future plastic power,
Throned on the essence of external state ;
And, while that eye from heaven's o'er-pinnacled tower,
Looked through the dawn, viceregal to create,
And saw the unformed pomps of things await
Her fiat to appear, i'th' haunts of men,
Whom her own heart and form should animate,
Were her delights, which, with time-visioned ken,
Walk'd with the sons of Earth, returning not again.

The Word of Wisdom left th' eternal throne,
And trod this Earth so form'd, belov'd so well ;
And where He bore its sufferings by His own,
And rose again, despoiling Death and Hell,
Upon the Church His prophet-mantle fell.
Oh ! let fair science yield to heavenly love—
Save first men's souls—first truths of wisdom tell,
Though God hath bid thee o'er the chaos move,
And given an earthly revelation from above.

NOTES.

TO PROFESSOR SEDGWICK.

1.—A likeness between the inorganic primitives, and the rocks crowded with existence, and the state of the pre-Adamic globe prepared by a series of destructions; with

2.—Modes of feeling and affection resulting from the *very* Fall.

3.—That he, anointed priest of both estates, use his power, as Nature in mineral veins with electrical agencies.

4.—Before the beginning, from everlasting, when there were no depths, nor fountains—ere the mountains were, the scarped hills, or fields for the use of man,

5.—Before the bounds of the sea were settled, before the foundations of the Earth were builded, before the shadows of material things darkened the brow of thought, Wisdom was, throned on the spirit of existence, a perfect being, therefore the moral world should be most exalted.

6.—The Lord (to whom was given this plastic power), who was about to form them all, who looked into the dawning future, and saw the kingdoms of the Earth and their glory growing in the twilight, his joys were in the habitable parts of God's earth, his delights with the sons of men.

7.—Therefore may the ministerial overshadow the habit of the Professor, the care of men's souls outdo the culture of their minds, even though a material revelation be committed to him from heaven.

THE GEOLOGIST'S PIC-NIC TO THE
NORTH COAST.

HE that hath walked with science, all the morn,
In galleries hung with ancient works divine,
Where sculptur'd granite stands, old manuscript
slate,

And busy multitude of moulded forms ;
Where boulders rest, and, curiously cas'd,
The gaudy gem lies with the rolled stone,
Born of slow lightning, and long deluges.

And, if he stay his weary steps at noon
Beneath the shade of Cornish kindnesses,
Taking pied-pleasures of fish, fruit, and fowl,
In many-coloured hospitalities,

On antique killas-table, and gneiss-chair ;
(Nicer so taken, made by nicest hand ;)
What wonder then if he arise, and plead,
That Paradise now sunsets in the west,
With harmless apples, and more tempting Eves ;
If he compare Cornubia's faith with hills
Less pure and heav'nward, or with rooted rocks,
"Her ovens with central heat, earth's crust with hers."

There is a valley, fading from St. Just,
By gentle cadences towards the sea,
In which at eve, O guest ! (spend not till then
All praise of Cornish beauty,) tread the sand,
The silken sand of disunited rocks,
Unstrung by kisses of the winds and waves.
Lur'd by that softness from the upper cliff
A bold detachment of the granite once
Stepp'd on the beach, but never stirr'd again.
Lean by the mass'd and imperturbable form,
Which rests, (like a strong mind in absolute peace
Laid upon tenderness,) though storms awake
To vex the darkness, or th' Atlantic frown,
Lash'd by some tidings from the western world ;
And borrow its repose ; so, when flaked foam
Drifts on transparent waters, (as the sense of light

From dark-blue tender eyes, mov'd in the feeling
Of summer thoughts,) and steps and plays
Over the hard and tempest-featur'd rock,
Through the black killas-clefts and untrod ledges,
Thou may'st rise over fate, and the bleak thoughts,
And pointed usages of this rough time,
Wearing its sharpen'd surfaces with peace.

Then let the west wind fan thy forehead bare ;
And look beyond the water-line, whose pulse
Is beating 'gainst the light—beyond that star
Which grows on the blue void—the eye of hope,
(That pale eye of the *future*, gazing there.)
This is a time for *certainities*, and place
To gather strength for all thy way to come,
To raise an altar, and to breathe a vow ;
For on the pillow of these slumbering stones
Thy dreams have open'd heav'n ; and messages,
Made of the beauty of the eve, the airs,
The waters and their crests, the sands asleep,
The depths above glass'd in the wide seas under,
Come winged down the ladders of the sky,
To tell of home, and what it is to die.

SONG OF THE RAILWAY WORKMEN.

"And must Trelawney die—
Then twenty thousand Cornishmen
Will know the reason why."

Old Cornish Song.

"Fish, tin, and copper."

Cornish County Toast.

THE vessel bold that gives us gold,
Floats on an iron rail :
She feels no shock, tho' on a rock,
She's swift, without a sail.
And ev'ry morn, when day is born,
And swath'd in twilight pale,
And the Cornishmen go a-field again,
They tell the moving tale,
How their fish, tin, and copper
Along the railway fly :—
If any one should stop her,
They'll "know the reason why."

The mountains old, with bosom cold,
 Laugh at the merry din :
 Tunnelling. We ask a part of their waking heart,
 And pour the sunbeams in.
 When noontide comes, with murm'ring hums,
 To drive us off the Rail,
 Each Cornish host will mix this toast,
 And hand it with his Ale,
 " Fish, tin, and copper,
 And the bark they travel by—
 No Cornishman will stop her ;
 He has his reasons why."

Cutting. We lend a hand to our native land,
 She bows her ancient head—
 Filling. Where low she lies, we make her *rise*,
 And turn her into *bread*.
 And when at eve, our work we leave,
 For the cottage and the vale,
 Each laughing thing will dance and sing
 Its welcome to the Rail :
 " Fish, tin, and copper,"
 A little urchin cries,
 " When Parliament the railway sent
 They had their reasons wise."

Her keel is fleet, for loves to meet ;

Her parting brings no pain,
For e'er a kiss hath left the lip,

They kiss it back again.

And so at night, when eyes are bright,

And honest hopes prevail,

The heart is bold of young or old

That speaks against the rail,

And her fish, tin, and copper ;

For the Cornish ladies cry,

“ If any *man* shall stop her,

WE 'LL ‘ know the reason why. ’ ”

THOUGHTS ON THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION AT LIVERPOOL, 1837.

(Inserted in the Liverpool Mail during the meeting of the Association,
and the following week.)

MONDAY, 11TH SEPT., NIGHT MEETING AT THE
AMPHITHEATRE.

LORD NORTHAMPTON, on resigning the chair, addressed the meeting—expressed his congratulations that all political dissension and difference of opinion on religious form would be denied admission, and that the character of their association might be expressed in a few words, sacred in their origin, “Love one another.” After pursuing this train of thought and feeling, the chair was resigned to the Earl of Burlington, who stated that although this country seemed destined to advance deeply into the untrodden paths of science, and that, in a great measure, through these meetings, he felt that men would not therefore learn to exalt themselves, but behold more of the greatness and goodness of God, and seek his glory.

YE noble leaders ! who enforce the time
On opening hearts with natural praise and prayer,
And tell the mingled forms of grace and mind
That deck the night, “ Love is the end of being

As God is the beginning ;" such farewell
Bespoke a noble morn, and promise fair
For course and setting of a sunny day.

Such be the close and rising of your power
As truth deserves, and all shall bless the hour.

Where art thou, that didst set thy conq'ring crown
On the round world, imperial, golden Rome ?
Where art thou, Spain ! that didst unlock the zones
And clasp them round thine olive-coloured form,
Matchless in beauty (like thine eyes) and power,
To which bowed down the swarthy East and West ?
Ye both wore plumed heads, and iron hands—
The mind of monarchs, and the mail of men,—
Ye had, alas ! no hearts : my native England !
Thou beacon on the shoreless waves of time—
May God keep *thine*, thy life-blood, moral Peers,
The great and good of soul to endless years.

TUESDAY MORNING—THE SECTIONS. THE GEOLOGICAL.

The Sections met and were marked as under.

Mathematical and Physical Science	A. Mechanics' Institute
Chemistry	B. Ditto
Geology, &c.	C. Ditto
Botany and Zoology	D. Institution
Medical -	E.
Statistical	F. Savings Bank
Mechanical Science	G. Mechanics' Institute.

Reference is made to Professor Sedgwick's presidency : a paper on gravel—an interesting mode of accounting for the movement of the Swiss glaciers, and their torrents, by Mr. Mallet : the Marquis Spinetto, on some attempted wells : the steamboat to America, which was discussed in the mechanical section : Professor Daniell, of Norwood, and Dr. Trail on the Geology of Spain.

WHO would not wish to be a week-day man,

And mete his spirit into sections six ?

(F is for numbers, not for one alone,)*

To take and learn his *notes*, or at the least,

* Definition of the objects of that section, "any thing that can be expressed by numbers," or to that effect.

At the great Institute his A. B. C.
Methinks that I am on the railway still,
Seated 'mid objects which I must not see,
Nor passing friend, nor stationary field,
Not ev'n a *quick-set* save the one I'm with,
Whose perspective is, when the point of sight
Becomes the vanishing point.

If 'tis the law of space to take but one,
Thou brilliant Sedgwick ! let me marry thee—
Hark ! how he whirls the willing section forth
Amid the systems of forgotten years,
Which his words dress in light, and keep in courses ;
And when his eagle eye goes forth alone
To read the lines of unapproachable worlds,
His grasp is broad enough to bring them back
In laws and orders, cased and chronicled.

Come, sit with him—and hear how learned men
Lead the detritus of the older rocks
Among the newer beds, in course and classes
Of northern stream—diluvial *gravel-walks* :
How *primitives* 'mid fair *marine* formations,
And all the loveliness of *plastic clay*,
Look like philosophers at the *soirée*.

Or learn the influences and tidal laws

That rule the motions of the frozen sea,

Whose foster-breast, unlike all other oceans,

Sends forth a stream to feed sweet Switzerland

With milky vales ;—but, while the wells are making

On the dry Suez, I'll just step to G,

And Dr. Lardner, and America.

How like ambition doth she work her way,

Turning no eye from the far distant goal ;

The same staid effort and the same advance,

The thrilling nerve the same, and heart that burns !

Speed on thou swift creation ! safely speed,

'Mid the long sighings of the western waves,

And bear thy living freight, and all their loves,

Their works and joys, to port, and home again ;—

And leave their cares given to th' Atlantic winds.

Come, there is time—the wells are not yet made,

For something more. To B or not to B—

There is *no* question—I'll look in and see

My Daniell (with the *other lions*) there—

O Chemistry ! thou art a healthy air,

To grow such substances, so good and kind ;
Lancastrian witches ! charm him not to stay—
There comes no freshness on the Surrey wind,
No joy, to many hearts, while he's away.

The wells have failed, but, let them be consoled,
Who bored in granite (which seems rather *soft*)
The water would be very *hard* to drink,
Which was so *hard* to get—so—let's to Spain—

Spain, beauteous Spain ! some words there are which
 hearts
Seem all too full to speak, and thou art one.
How shall we wake the slumber of thy rocks ?
How can we trace their many-coloured veins ?
Whose soil is *crimson*, and the stream of life
That overflows their vales is all thine own.

Dear are our far-born brethren of the west,
And deep-brow'd Germany, and star-like France ;
But thee we love, Iberia, as a youth
His dark-eyed sister—may there rise for thee
Some bright association of thy sons,

Arm'd with high science in the light of truth.
And as they move in fertilising course
Throughout the length and breadth of the dear land,
They'll bear the rule and only almanac
That tell how many days will take the town,
And ope Bilboa and Saragossa's gate,
Which cannot smooth their hinges to a foe.

TUESDAY NIGHT.

THE *Soirée*—in the suite of seven rooms at the Town Hall, where there were said to be 3000 followers of Science.

THEY that can tell impossible quantities,
May tell the light and progress of their eyes.
O ye philosophers, who *know* so much !
How did you *feel* to-night—was their attraction
Less than the squares ? well, certainly,
“ Most charming *is* divine philosophy ! ”
’Tis not “ to sit on rocks ” “ as fools suppose, ”
Or any section, nor be men of *letters*,
But meet the bright expression of all thoughts,
To mingle ev’ry hue of day and night,
And thread the flowers of life and earth-born stars.

Yet ’twere in vain to talk of what men saw,
Or what they heard, or lost, nor what they learn’d
Which they had never known, nor what the pain,
Nor all the delicacies which kindness offer’d,

Nor what a rush there was to go and see them,
Nor how the crowds, who sought, and left the tables,
Mov'd in alternate *ice-othermal* lines—
But *this* was prov'd, as by Professor Peacock,
Science had thousands of sweet worshippers.
Guard her, my Lord, your seventh Association,
Lest she be overwhelmed with silver shields.

WEDNESDAY.—THE MORNING WALK.

THE Mechanics' Institute is in the upper quarters of Liverpool; near it is the Cemetery, formed deep in a vast stone quarry; hanging over which stand terraces of the houses of the wealthy.

BEFORE the world's awake 'tis well to walk,
And brace the man, meeting the morning air,
To fit the many motions of the day.
To brace the man—the body—mind—and *soul*!
Then shape thy step, losing the Institute
And all its gather'd pomp of human power,
To see the end of what is human ;—stand
Awhile within the quarry of the dead—
The womb of mansions wide, and narrow homes—
True mother earth, that bared and gave her breast
To all the need and helplessness of life,
And when her children slumber, it is there.

With what a stately and luxurious foot
That habitation treads the brink o' the grave !
 How fearless ! yet the veil of joyousness
 That hides them from each other is more frail
 Than frailest gossamer ;—if it be raised,
 It falls no more 'twixt eyes and what they mourn.
 How oft lone hours will lead some widower
 To leave the habit of the living street,
 And take the bitterness his own heart knows,
 Sweet but in this, that strangers know it not.
 So such an one, perchance, at such a time,
 Might see the *past*, though years be covering it.

THE PAST.—THE CEMETERY.

TO LIVERPOOL.

QUICK is the air, with morn above,
As once it breath'd with thy sweet breath ;
But now thou art asleep beneath,
Where all is still, except my love,
Which keeps the heart thou gavest me, till death
Shall mine to thee remove.

It was a wide and pleasant home —— !
'Tis better now to be alone,
When solitary times and twilights come,
Beside this arch of stone.

Thou art not *often* from my sight,—
There is a *sense* that thou art seen,
Though busy sunshine pass between.
But in the morn's uncertain light,
Thy form comes *clear* to me, and, when I lean
Upon the lonely night,

Tears may be hid that be not far :
The heart may smile, yet not forget ;
Flowers which reflect the noon-day—with the star
Of dawn and eve are wet.

WEDNESDAY MORNING.—THE SECTIONS.

IN the Geological, among other things, Professor Sedgwick gave an interesting account of the incursion of the sea to the coal mines at Workington, and the destruction and escape of human life—at the instance of Mr. Murchison and Major Shadwell Clerke, a subscription of small sums was made in the section, and 34*l.* raised for the old miner.

At night, in the amphitheatre, Mr. Snow Harris exhibited by a magnificent apparatus the action of lightning conductors in ships at sea.

HE that is wayward in his mind and mood,
That would be coloured *thus* one day, and *thus* another,
A man of many moral surfaces—
As matter sways, or spirit, earth, or heaven—
Should seek an orb of light, or—ADAM SEDGWICK.

Give such no magnitudes, no medicines,
Nor news of aboriginal beast or plant,
Nor chemistry—which cannot re-compose,
Nor blast of heat or cold (for links will break)
Give him not these *to-day*, but let him *feel*.

Come, quick, magician, with thy wand of earth !
That dost exalt thy chosen element :—
Tell us some fearful tale of th' other three,
To move, and melt,—and show geologists
Have hearts more tender than the stones they love.

PROFESSOR SEDGWICK'S TALE.

It was at Workington, that noble mine,—
And many a man could count his passed years
By streets of coal (which he had made) and line,
And gallery, and tiers

Piled on each other,—all beneath the sea,
Which made the horror of this wondrous sight,
For wint'ry storms would rumble terribly,
And it was *always* night.

There was a miner, old in trouble, there ;
His only sons had perish'd in their prime
Smit by the miners' curse of noxious air ;
So he did bide his time

In the same spot, till they could meet again ;
But this had taught him whither went the breath
And lungs of the great mine : so, from the pain
Of his dear children's death

God brought, as I will tell, the old man's life :
He knew the air-valves, and the passages
Whence currents passed, and mingled in their strife—
He found them at his ease.

The overseers had worked the willing mine,
And run it on till it was poor and thin ;
Its legs, instead of swelling, came too fine :
Then they took off its skin.

How much the sad and comic blend together,
Within this life of ours, in weal or woe !
Like mingled suns and rain in April weather ;
And each may make us grow.

But this, alas ! it is a fearful tale ;
The miners felt the roof crack day by day ;
They told the overseer, with terror pale ;
He turn'd them half away.

At last he came, old Ocean came, to see
What men had dared to do behind his back.
The miner was at work, when suddenly
The driven air came—thwack (*)—

Upon his naked shoulder ; at the first
He thought it was the azote, but the wind
Blew cold and constantly ; and then the worst
Came certain to his mind.

The sea was in the pits—two boys were by
At work with him, who *then* became his own :
He bade them notice how the wind was high,
Told them to mark its tone

Unheard by human ear, and how it fled
With fearful messages ; and, to be brave—
For God had taught him when he took the dead—
Those living boys to save !

Thou kind old man ! how love prevailed
Stronger than death, and so was thy reward,
But for those children must thy strength have failed ;
Their weakness was thy guard.

* So described.

A single lantern in thy struggling hand—
A single trust within thy heart on high,
Through all the windings of that cavern'd land,
Through all their agony,

Thou still didst cheer along those saved boys :
The hollow blasts tore round them as they went ;
And then, at intervals, a sobbing noise
When the winds found no vent ;

Or rather sighs, for many young and strong,
Who now were sleeping in that mine of death ;
Though their pale wives have waited, and so long !
They come not from beneath.

And there are some, said that dear Monitor,
Some *here*, perhaps, who to their other joys
Will add the luxury of caring for
The miner and his boys.

THE THEATRE.—NIGHT.

Again, a time to love, and feel for men !
Again, the elements ! and one that braves
The air and waters, careless of the earth,
Save her—that tall ship from the *fire* of heaven ;
Save her, ye lov'd the old man and his boys ;
She has the freight we lost, the living gold,
Which makes the riches of the land, and bears
The superscription and th' image of God.

THURSDAY MORNING.—MEDICAL SECTION.

INCIDENTAL references to phrenology.—Mr. Hopkins read, during the week in the geological, papers on the nature of the earth's centre, and its probable former state of fluidity and heat, and thence inferred its form, which can be mathematically ascertained. Two or three hundred ladies attended constantly at the geological section.

In the afternoon of Friday a splendid *dejeuné* was given by the town to the Association in the Horticultural Gardens.

AND so at last, thou meek phrenology,
 A section condescends to mention thee,
 Thee, who may one day own and bless them all;
 Meanwhile be patient—make with E and F,
 A species of *dis-section* for thyself.
 Teach F to follow on as heaven has led,
 And educate as men are *made*, that morals,
 The last deposit and the nearest heaven,
 Be still the top o' the man, and rule the base;
 The while the flying angels of the front,

That know all things, and facts, and qualities ;
 Or join, disjoin, deduce, analogise—
 And are themselves, in fact (disguised) this British
Association of ideas, be used
 This way or that, according to their power :
 Nor place tall angels where the stout should stand.

They think in C the earth was fluid once,
Should be formed so and so, and *that it is* ;
 Which latter point, demonstrated in A,
 Still more and more in C, they think the first.
 So humble, yet not *unbelieving*, men,
 From what *they see, think* in phrenology—
 And make observance and keen knowledge form
 Wide-based triangles with the feeding eyes,
 Place reas'ning in the forehead's upper line ;
 Wit and the beautiful along the sides :
 And when they find at C in some *professor*
 Long oratorio bills of beauty, "pasted
 And stuck" on the side walls of his fine head
 (Like newer rocks on granite near Oakhampton
 Which he fused forth to captivated Bristol)—*

* Professor Sedgwick's *indescribable pictures* of the North Devon
 alleged coal-field.

And see such upper forehead in Brunel,
That, from his *premises* at Rotherhithe,
Although he find a most “*ambiguous middle*,”
And of his *miners* much illicit process,
And *reason in a circle*—in his tunnel,
He comes to an end and most admired *conclusion* ;
Or view in A the front and pride of Trinity,
Who proves what man proves, save to be unkind ;
Or him of *every* section basing o’er
His brow the far philosophy of facts
And infinite individualities ;—
See heavy eyebrows *move* at sound of G—
(With little lumps at th’ end they stop at F
As they go down the street ;) they mark these things
And thousands else *demonstrated* in sections
And as they thought at first, *think more and more*.

What poet old or new but keeps his brains
Much on his forehead, more upon his side,
(Happy when friend and favour is there too)
Which *sideways* draws his head, and out of line,
Not thrown up high and backward, as the man’s
Who only loves a garden, tree, or flower
Because it is his own, and tells us so.

Phrenology ! high-soul'd phrenology
To show thy right pretension and just claim
To have and hold as Lady Paramount
This wide association and its wit
Time serveth not—yet time *may* give it thee,
Crowning thy glorious brow while the world kneels.

THE DEJEUNE.—FRIDAY.

“ Is it the pines,—is it the waterfall ?
’Tis something sweeter, sadder far than all.”
So sung, if I remember, in “ Prometheus,”
A silver-breasted nightingale of song ;
Yet surely nothing could have *sadder* been
Than to see any water fall on Friday
(When kindness might have merited the sun,
If grace existed of congruity).
See wine you might of every kind and hue ;
And *sweeter* pines than those—impossible—
Until some new Prometheus shall discover
Unearthly hot-houses, or “ from the Quantocks
Come lightning-streams, thick as the mainmast of
A seventy-four, and be brought through the house
As cabman turns a corner ;” * then as sweet
They might be ; but oh, no ! not half so many

* Professor Sedgwick’s description of Mr. Crosse ; inserted by a morning paper under the head of “ Astonishing Fact.”

. They stood in groves, or forests, (crowning mountains
Of cake-formations—glaciers, seas of ice ;)
You seemed to hear the murmur of their numbers
(Which mostly cause the *murmur* when they're few);
And while a thousand waiters cut them up,
Walking philosophers each chose their *section*,
The ladies theirs close round Professor Sedgwick.

Brave men and wise had lived ere Agamemnon ;
(But if as great methinks they had been sung),
And many feasts, like th' iron palisades
At Charing-cross, have *eat* themselves away ;
But never was there, never can there be,
A feast so fit for offered poesy.
And if no better song deserve green-bays
(Though none more grateful could awake its lays);
If no Homeric measures now be seen,
Nor Dryden's feast bespread *Alexandrine*,
Yet could it sing the heroes they have sung,
Or feast, with maidens " ever fair and young,"
" To those who *eat* it not the words were weak,
To those who did, what language could they speak ?"
So poetry invokes a sister art,
Which graves the *dejeuné* on every soften'd heart.

FRIDAY NIGHT.—THEATRE.

PROCEEDINGS of the sections during the week stated by their presidents, Professors Peacock, Faraday, Sedgwick, Henslow, and Dr. Roget, and Lord Sandon, and Professor Robinson of Armagh. Twenty minutes were allowed for these beautiful condensations—a possible distance of the fixed stars, too great for known instruments, was hinted as the opinion of some astronomers—Dr. Roget confined his statements to the Stethoscope.

Now thou'rt empower'd, as if on seven hills,
To rule our natural world, a queen of science,
And yearn for others, over which thy viceroy
Shall sit—th' astronomer, who may enchain
And pass those seas of space ; unless, forsooth,
Th' unruly distances escape his hand ;—
That men may learn there hangs a mystery
Appended to the neighbourhoods of heaven.
Meanwhile the body of this particular globe,
Deliver'd up to laws and certainties,

Is yielded, tied, and bound to th' human mind.
Such may not match the soul, nor from its home
Restrain the eye, tir'd of colonial sway ;
Yet 'tis a wide and mighty delegation,
To hold the hosts of number (as the sky
The viewless and illimitable winds),
And, marshall'd once, to see them fix'd for ever;
To occupy extension with the thoughts
And forms of unimagined magnitudes,
And on their adamant foundations raise
Eternal arguments, which have no being
Save with the will which bade them to exist,
And cannot uncreate—wherein are held
The steps of light and pathways of the sun,
And all the sphered music of the sky.
The other spirits round the throne of mind,
Are perfect as they join themselves to this,
Confess her presence and adopt her laws.

Is she less fortunate, a blue-eyed wife,
Who never rul'd, and never thought of power,
Rapt in the admiration of her lord's ?
Who may not make the laws which she adores,
Yet knows their infinite truth and equity ?

Is she less crowned than a maiden queen ?
Less happy—if *she loves* ? Oh Chemistry,
Who dost uninterweave the tapestries
Whereon his hand hath painted this sweet world,
And from their animated tints, and forms,
And deathless essences, awake new groups
Obedient to his rules, and subjected
To the conditions of their former state
In ordered harmonies of happiness !
'Twere vain to ask thee what thou seest shading
Thine eyes beside the visible ways of God ;—
They know and love thee best, who know thou lovest ;
And some, thy chosen priests, have caught the glow.

And thou, too, standing by the side of heaven,
What dost thou see ? O prophet of the past !
Beware of what thou seest, and beware
Of what thou tellest those who love, and trust ;
But, *being aware*, thou wilt gaze on and fear
As much as th' eagle of the upper clouds,
As his will quail thine intellectual eye,
(Altho' the light would blind a softer glance,)
Yet still be clothed in such humility
As they should know who rise so far above.

Ask of these passed spirits what the state
And primal constitution of thine earth,
And what the mysteries of her centre now ?
And to the gentle one that cometh on
Disclose the portraitures of earliest life.

Oh, linger not, these happy moments wane,
And we would see thy thought and hear thy word,
Which almost opens paradise again,
Turning the barrier of the flaming sword.
Fountain of greenest leaves thou art, and of the birth
Of breathing life, fair priestess of the earth !

Before pale medicine, attir'd in black,
Rise to remind us of thy spoiler, man ;
Beyond that tainting time restore us back ;
Yet (as in that fond rhyme of " Angels " ran)
If " Love, Religion, Music," be the hours
That still survive of Eden, 'tis in flowers,

Which least are fallen ; they exhale their love
To those who love them, whether they live or die ;
They thrive on heaven and *seek* it from above,
And gather thence such regular harmony,

Of odorous forms and colours breathed round
Upon the winds, that they become sweet sound.

But Medicine, with *cane*, and *able* head,
(While both his hands upon his watch are counting
The twenty minutes which the chair prescrib'd,)
Remedial son of evil parent comes—
All things he presseth unto human good,
Even the gentle flowers, even the life
Of animal being to support or cure ;
And when from pulses of our grateful eyes
He knows the heart, without a stethoscope,
He leads a form, fram'd as by Mr. Babbage,
Something between the National Debt and Howard—
Half figures, half benevolence ! All hail,
Machinery, we cannot choose but love !
Proceed to count and educate, until
Thou canst not count th' uneducated—still
Forgetting not (what e'en creation teaches
“ Subject to vanity ” and ill for him)
That man is fallen low, and seeketh not
And loveth not the light, lest it should shame him :
If thou wilt bring him light, ask of the spirits
Now gone before thee what is light—the flowers,

The very flowers will tell thee it is—heaven.
Oh, shut them up no more, the men thou lovest,
With heated atmosphere and glimmer'd candle
Of this world's wisdom, when within thy reach
Are set the flood-gates of eternal light,
Which thou may'st ope for man, and see their souls
Expand and ripen, till they fit the skies.
Thou art the Archimedes, bringing light,
Mysterious light, which is not *of* this earth,—
The only fulcrum that shall serve ; but now,
To show the union of the seven spirits,
Lead in the arbiter of mortal power—
Milesian magic ! that with waving arms
Canst wake or stay th' obedient elements ;
Whither white messengers as trim as Ariel
Walk o'er the wave, while, as they do thy will,
They sing sweet music to the higher air ;
Or thou dost urge, compell'd on iron fate,
Some savage Caliban to serve thy bidding,
(Prison'd in form of “ Shark ” or “ Doctor Dalton, ”)*
And fetch thee wood and water, his sole food.
Hark ! how he puffs, as if he gasp'd to curse,

* Names of engines.

And dar'd not—how he screams his agony
Of rage upon the whistling atmosphere !*
Yet canst thou smooth his ruffled soul to calm,
And, order'd by thine art, where is the slave
So stout as he, tho' some be handsomer ?
Thou'lt give him liberty, what time thy wand
Awake a subtler sense, the slumbering flame,
Nurs'd in the deathless arms of Volta's name.

“ Guard her, my lord, your seventh association,
Lest she be overwhelm'd with silver shields.”

We thank the noble care that rais'd to night
These seven champions of philosophy,
To which may yield even those eyes so bright—
But they who choose can put their armour by,
And stray, without a guard, who *wish* to die.

* Steam-shrieks, to announce the approach of a train, can be heard better than more human sounds.

SATURDAY.

A GRAND entertainment was given to the Association by the proprietors of the salt mines, about forty miles away, at which eighty philosophers sat to lunch, in thirty acres of illuminated excavations. Breakfast was provided each morning at the Adelphi, and an ordinary of turtle, venison, and champagne for seven shillings at Lucas's Rooms. Here, on Saturday, Mr. Stevenson, minister from the United States, was present, and in returning thanks when his health had been given, so invoked both atmospheres of the English tongue to uninterrupted union that the room rung again. He attended the Birmingham music meeting when the hymn to the Queen was sung, and Madame Grisi was accompanied by Mr. Harper on the trumpet, in "Let the bright Seraphim."

At night, thanks were carried for all the kindness of Liverpool, and Mr. Campbell, Rector, made such a speech as men "cannot choose but love."

ALAS ! this pleasant week, each pleasant day
More than its mate before—so "lost when sweetest."
Then let us calm the spirit down to rest,
Nor stay to tell, tho' it deserve recording,

Of long and philosophic breakfast tables,
Where those who oft had met in mental conflicts
Selected food that would not disagree.
Nor e'en the salt-mine-entertainment, given
Deep in the earth, yet bright as noon of heaven,—
Acres of brilliant roofs on pillars round,
And little salt-cellars below the ground ;
The gorgeous feast of this last day appears
Some harem-feast of the last of Algiers ;
Or seems the luncheon of a million lights,
With knights of Malta, or th' Arabian nights.
But we may pause a moment at the dinner,
(How extra-ordinary have they been !)
And think upon our "brethren of the West,"
And their ambassador, and all he said,
Warming our hearts with fires flash'd from his own.
For, good and evil, blood will rise and speak,
Yearns to a brother, and comes forth to wreak
A natural vengeance for th' insulted form
Of God, and life's outpoured crimson warm ;

And now it rises mantling round the heart,
When brethren join again their plighted hands,
Which heavy gold shall seek in vain to part—
Which fancy steel too *cold*—we take those bands,
And so entwine them on a charmed breast,
That it have room to love, while other passions rest.

Where'er thou passest, be thy path the same ;
By mart of merchant, or in courtly hall,
Or gentle villages, awake the flame
Of human loves ; whether thy glance should fall
On peer or peasant, or thine eye be seen
To feel the winning brightness of a virgin queen.

If on thy softened frame the past should come,
Bringing long-buried loves, and many forms,
And quenchless customs of a father-home—
Should'st thou be there when first the high note warms
A multitude, and melts them into one,
So that their souls are over-mastered ere begun

The voice of men, or, poured over all,
The heavy breath of the great instrument,
Which chang'd the time and place to some vast hall,
Or endless cave, where prisoned up and pent,
Are felt the struggles of invisible sound,
Heaving the old concentric roof, and thrilling ground.

Or when a woman sought the seraphim—
And it was well to hear the lingering wind,
Though flung from trumpet-tones beneath the hymn
Of an immortal spirit left behind—
Hadst seen such praise to maiden monarch given—
Or woman wake her power and mount to worship
heaven.

It may not be—thou hast a heart—a soul—
But custom has her power and modes of state ;
And men, made half of lightning, must control
The current lest it blast them ; at the gate
Of heaven thou may'st adore the *pyramid*,
And pour the praises forth which thou hast felt and hid

In thine own manly bosom, as it swell'd
And follow'd thine eye upwards, wearisome
In flat though fair horizon to be held ;
May millions meet thee there, of those who come
From every rule, as from thine equal West,
Crown their redeeming King, and near his throne be
blest.

SATURDAY NIGHT.

THE AMPHITHEATRE.—CONCLUSION.

Now hath she made her course, and to the haven
Arriveth, with the white sails of success,
Which she must furl, and let them slumber on,
Till mellow gales of August ope their wing,
To waft her joyously along the Tyne.
“Thanks to the favour and the airs of heaven ;
Thanks to the store of bounteous offering,
And lavish outfit of the splendid port ;
Thanks to the spirited crew that worked her well,
The noble captain, and his wise command.”
All such resound from feeling hearts and true.
But ere arise the word, which (all must hear
Yet) all that hear may meet not to repeat,

There riseth one to speak. O happy England !
That dost possess such store of what men love,
That 'tis familiar to the practised eye ;
So all who heard his firm, melodious voice,
His quiet port, and gentlemanly tone,
His covert images from ancient lore,
And gallant ease, with which he rather fus'd
His words in all the glorious pride of verse
Than made quotation ; and, the most of all,
How what he said came fresh from holy writ,
And from his heart to theirs, all knew and said
“ It was the clergyman ; ” and when he came
To thank the meeting for the many pleasures
Which they had brought him, saying, that clergymen
Did not oppose such modes of serving God
And profiting men ; and so led on the time
From natural worship, wherein it began,
And did proceed, till then, unto revealed ;
And thus did hope, that on his holy day,
They who had so been visited would visit,
And in return for all the natural glories
Which they had shown of God, would hear and learn
His moral beauty, and be saved and bless'd
In the eternal gospel of his Son ;

When thus he spoke, as with a father's voice,
Many were mov'd, perchance, and all admired.

Then came the sound that points to heaven, the spell
And curse of earth—the blight of Time—Farewell.

THOU that didst ask the "cunning work" of men,
Even the colours that false Egypt wove,*
To suit thy service, pardon, if again
Be thought of man's device, or earthly love,
In plan less consecrate, but, which would fain
Be character'd by chastening from above.
Thine is the realm of Nature, as, the reign
Of Grace, and Thou didst send the gentle dove
O'er fallen earth, as, spirits to Paradise.
Thine is the eye of Painting, and the heart
Of Music, and Thou giv'st to Poets both;
May we not bless thee for their beauty, loth
To think that some should seek with Thee no part,
Although they seem to touch the inner skies.

Most merciful! oh! may the subtle powers
That *must* admire in all things loveliness,
Be sav'd from coiling poisons, as they press
To pluck *Thy* flowers.

* Exodus 25.

CHRISTMAS DAY.

SUNDAY, 25TH DECEMBER, 1836.

YE clouds ! that serve the sun, and swell his state ;
 Hosts that enfold his sleep, and watch his way,
 Bid him to rise, and look upon the day,
 That all his strength and power doth consecrate ;
 And thou, most pale and precious moon , await ;
 Heart of the heavens, whose only light is love
 Rapt from another, stay, and linger late,
 To kiss the dawn that angels nurse above.
 Sabbath, that saw each earthly favour given,
 Kneel, and attest all that remaineth—heaven.
 Oh day ! that art enwove with power divine,
 And human love, and heavenly rest—oh lean
 Upon the dying earth, and let her twine
 O'er thine Emmanuel brow her evergreen.

December 26th.

A LADY AND HER OPAL RING.

THEY gave me, when she was restored,
 My mother, from her suffering,
 In token of the favour of the Lord,
 An opal ring.

And oft when wandering afar,
 By sunny shore, or moonlit sea,
 It seems to tell, like some Arabian star,
 My destiny.

Perchance, with heart as still
 As the soft shading of the wood,
 Or on the swelling stream, my spirits thrill
 Quick as the flood,

The fear of home, and its desire,
 And doubt,—a sad and yearning tone—
 Fell o'er me ; and that heart was chang'd to fire,
 Or turn'd to stone.

My ring ! and thou wouldst seem to speak,
 Pale, and suffus'd thine opal dyes—
 What sudden sympathy was on my cheek
 And in mine eyes !

And when she pressed me to her heart,
 My Susan—tho' I loved her well—
 That she might bear with me a sister's part,
 How *could* I tell ?

I dared but think to one above,
 Who set His rainbow promise there,
 And laid the answering eloquence of love
 In silent prayer.

And then I felt her in the cleft
 Of that high rock, sweet mother dear
 The very cloud was gone and only left
 A fallen tear.

Still is the arch in radiance drest—
 Unchang'd the shade, untir'd the stream ;
 But human hearts, that seem to be at rest,
 Can only seem.

Earth travaileth for mortal woe ;
 The very heavens, tho' they steep
 Themselves in beauty, o'er the healing bow,
 Are dark and weep—

Yet welcome weeping, nothing loth,
 With gentle earth and lofty skies,
 And the divine and human heart of both,
 To sympathize.

My mother! He is thy delight,
 Thou art secure beneath his wing,
 And I will trust, tho' it be pale or bright,
 My opal ring.

December 27th, 1836.

A LADY TO HER BIBLE.

“ WHOM THE GODS LOVE DIE YOUNG.”

WHATEVER else may love, or monish me,
 Become my guidance, or partake my heart,
 Fearless, O Truth ! I proffer vows to thee,
 And interchanged hands, which cannot part.
 The future will but shew me what thou art,
 And o'er my willing brow thy myst'ries bind ;
 And now, I kneel and gaze, nor must depart,
 As if, upon the shore of Time reclined,
 I waited some lov'd presence with the coming wind.

If I should wander, still, and lone, at eve,
 In the pale autumn of the fallen day,
 Be thou too there, and let the twilight leave
 Upon some chastened thought its fading ray ;
 (So one could seem to smile beyond decay
 Who passed from earth by loves environed)
 That I may fold each wish, and let the sway
 Of the sweet hour, which falls around me, shed
 An influence calm, like requiem for the dead.

Come, in the summer of the mid-day sun—
 I were too weak, to bear this world's excess ;
 If the voluptuous air hath now begun
 Too tenderly each answering chord to press ;
 And I should gaze on life and loveliness,
 Until I lose myself in mortal love ;
 Then pity me, and, in thy power to bless,
 Change me, like some Narcissus of the grove,
 Safe in thy holy shade, too *sad* to rove.

Walk with me in the early spring-dyed morn ;
 Teach me who taught the sunflower to adore ;
 Tell me who told the nightingale forlorn,
 In shade, for only one, her plaint to pour ;
 Shew the day's strength, and God unseen before,
 His Spirit's presence in the dewy grass—
 Oh ! thence unfold me yet one lesson more—
 How oft our morn, like a mown flower, alas !
 Leaves but a vacant place where evening memories pass.

Lord of that book ! instruct and keep me still
 For the lull'd eve, the wearied, to abide :
 Or for satiety, the mid-day chill
 That cools our summer being's fev'rish tide.
 Or, if thou call me in the earthly pride
 Of hope, heaven-hued, I'll only ask to dwell
 On morn yet *once* again, to seek the side
 Of the new shades of spring—*one* flower, *one* spell
 Of the lone nightingale, and if not—well.

December 29th, 1836.

A PROTESTANT LADY TAKING THE VEIL.

THE ESSENCE OF THE PROTESTANT RITES OF BAPTISM AND CONFIRMATION, AND NO LESS OF MARRIAGE, (IN ITS TYPICAL SENSE,) AS THE NOTION OF THE ROMAN CATHOLIC DEDICATION, IS RENUNCIATION OF THE WORLD.

PARENTS and foster-parents lead the vow,
And the Spirit comes, where this weak world has been,
To wash the shadow that it cast between
The eye of God and her first innocent brow.

The warm and eloquent resolve of youth,
Kneels for a Father's blessing from on high ;
Alas ! thou early consciousness of truth,
That world will turn and wound thee ere it die.

And once again she kneels that altar by ;
And once again she vows a vow—the last ;
Oh, woman's love, that clings so fond, so fast,
Is rooted with her Lord beyond the sky.
Bewail, thy child, thrice spoiled world bewail,
But yield thy mourning for her bridal veil.

NORWOOD, *February 14th*, 1837.

“After a time passed in the quiet of her own spirit and in good works, she was united to the clergyman of a neighbouring parish, February 14th, 1837. ”

THE CHURCH.

WEEP they for kings who weep for dying men ?—
An earthquake rudely quenches other grief :
Most mutable earth fleckers her sunset brief
With golden gestures that arise again.

To suit with season or returning time,
 Thou wert too high-born, oh, eternal child!
 And when our world received thine early prime,
 Kings were thy fathers, queens thy mothers mild,
 Lending their strength, or bosom undefil'd :
 So wilt thou watch that strength in its weak hour,
 Too fond to fail, too true to be beguil'd.

Thou pourest heaven o'er falling pomp and power,
 Like moonlight by a ruined ivy-tower ;
 And if the rose seem paler in that ray,
 How oft the pressure of the gazing day,
 Dims with its own excess the queenly flower.
 Thus wilt thou shade ~~HER~~ life with chasten'd light,
 Which, else, so beautiful, should be too bright.
 NORWOOD, *June 26th*, 1837.

WINDSOR'S WELCOME TO THE QUEEN.

FOR MUSIC.

As wide for thee, as much thine own,
 Let the eternal gates be thrown ;
 And angels crown a Christian's brow,
 As men would, thine, imperial, now.
 'Twere vain to fix our eager sight :
 To envy other climes their light :
 But who can watch the crescent moon,
 Nor feel that she will wane too soon.

And if thy presence dawn, and rise
 To bless, and brighten other skies :
 Thy quick regards, and glances free
 Beam on thine own—thine answering sea :

If every heart should rise, and call
Thee bless'd in thy wide capital—
Yet *here* seek eyes and hearts again—
An empire sure, as on the main.

Such as is guidance to the lost :
Such as a leader to the host :
Such as a maiden to her bower :
So is thy Standard to the Tower.
The warder sees the escort far
Glow with thy presence, like a star.
Fly, fly ye steeds ! and spurn the rein,
That lead our Lady home again.

August, 1837.

SONG.

THOSE eyes too deeply, darkly shone,
I may not bear the smart,
Nor to look, through them, to thy heart,
Who cannot yield my own :
I would not that a fate, like mine,
Should dim a ray of thine.

In saddest hours the lily pale,
Is braided with thy hair ;
The rose is all so bright, so fair—
When clouds thy spirit veil :
'Tis not the flow'r too sweet can be,
But only, so, to thee.

Thus if thou hast some valley-flower—
One, fitted from above,
As much for sorrow, as for love ;
For still, or stormy hour—
Oh, such a charm shall bring me rest,
And find it, on my breast.

October, 1837.

SONG.

I **RULE** upon a mighty throne ;
 And like the monarch of the sky,
 Pursue my golden destiny ;
 Alas ! like him, alone ;
 'Twere better that a maiden's heart,
 Should play a softer part.

But no—the way, wherein I move,
 Shall teem with flowers, and pleasant eyes ;
 And I will dress in heavenly dyes
 The earthly wings of love,
 And make him gaze on *others* blest,
 The while he spoils my rest.

Thou wide and melancholy hall !
 My lonely music seems to bring,
 No unison from other string.
 Yet, rays, that warm the hearts of all,
 May waken, like that distant sun,
 A gather'd flame in one.

December, 1837.

THOU art so near the skies,
 That one, who seeks to enter there,
 May kneel beside thee, 'till thy prayer
 Shall teach his own to rise ;
 And so, on wing of human love,
 His soul be sent above.

Thou hast so much of earth,
 (Such as He made it, good and fair
 Who walks with thee, and is thy care ;)
 That I am minded of my birth—
 And, now, not more than man, reveal
 What I had ceased to feel.

The help of all I have divine
 Or earthly so thou art,
 Who ownest, giving all thy heart,
 What here remains of mine ;
 The rest is treasured for thee well,
 Where thou wilt go to dwell.

December, 1837.

ABSENCE.

OH say, who know the chain,
 How sweet is freedom ; how much more
 To be desired again,
 Than e'er it was, before.

The gulf that lies between
 Shall nearer bring the want of bliss,
 When other worlds are seen,
 By sight too blind in this.

Forgive a quicken'd eye,
 More eager now it may not see ;
 'Twas gazing on the sky,
 That dimmed the thought of thee.

Methought so sharp a bit
 Had cut my fretted soul apart ;
 But thy caress with it,
 Hath more than smooth'd the smart.

RESTRAINT.

THE sea was set, and cinctur'd, by His hand ;
 The word, that woke the waves, restrained their pride ;
 But when he placed the rocks their path beside,
 He gave, to break their fall, the gentle sand ;
 In their last failing murmur is confess'd,
 The yoke is welcome, wearing such a rest.

The same sweet mercy doth man's purposes
 Oft 'bay with barriers, 'till he foam again :
 But soon the soft links of some soothing chain
 Are fasten'd on his fortunes, and he sees
 How God can make him form new thoughts within,
 And love the anguish for the medicine.

December 11th, 1838.

CALENDAR OF THE MONTHS.



A PLEASANT calendar might come, perhaps, and true to many hearts, from pictures or thoughts suited to the characters of the changing months. If the remark be worth attention, some other hand may extend such an almanac to the year; and then the feelings of spring and summer may prevail, rather than those of the latter and melancholy months.

JANUARY.

GLEE.

WHAT shall we praise to-night—

The sunshine or the stars?

Ask him to choose the light,

Whom fortune makes, or mars.

Or shall we sing of wars,

Or dream of beauty bright?

Both are a game of scars,

But only one for flight.

Or tell of harem-bars,

And Georgian lady white,

And Turkish scimitars,

And daring Christian knight?—

Ah, doubtful hearts—in vain

Ye choose a changing lay;

Who on the prelude strain,

Are wafted far away.

APRIL.

ABIEL.

HOPE, with fairy wing,
Dipp'd in the morning sun,
Bear thy childhood on
In a path of flowers to sing;
Yet busy as the bee,
Till thy task on earth be done,
And thou art free.

MAY.—THE LATE SPRING OF 1837.

LONGLEAT.

HE lay within his castle faint and low—
The spirits of death came to his woods by night;
Those deep and ancient woods—how could they show
Their glad green liveries to his failing sight.
If he had been less noble, nor so dear,
They might have bared their hearts to the young year.

He lay within the dim and scanty grave,
Material forms dissolved, possessions gone,—
All, save the loves men bore him, which alone
He lost not; and these came, in sighs, to wave
The veil that did not hide his memory,
And fall, in tears, upon a name that could not die.

All made of earth, seemed buried with him here ;
 Nor burst the blue-bells, nor the nightingale
 Forth from the covert, nor the bounding deer ;
 All that was made of heaven, the wet and pale
 Submissive cheek, the thrilling heart and hand,
 Lived with his communing spirit in another land.

God gave him lordly things—he used them well ;
 And gave him humble thoughts, and manly love :
 Night shrouds the earth ; no shade of her farewell
 Falls on the sleepless influences above.
 He shall regain his works, and all their cost,
 New in the light divine he never lost.

COMPTON GREENFIELD, *May*, 1837.

A POET'S MAY.

THE ROOT-HOUSE: COMPTON GREENFIELD.

Go there at noon ; the hush'd and tender light
 That loves the wood, and leaves the world behind,
 Will vary with the pulses of the wind,
 And still your anxious heart and swimming sight.
 Alas ! how little of what seem'd so bright
 To the young eye, or mind matur'd may come
 And *dwell* before us, here, amidst the hum
 Of Nature and her works ; then, from this height,
 Let us look forth, and take the vantage ground.
 Lie still, false world, and falser heart ; the green
 Of laurels lowliest, the ivy-bound
 And rooted grot,—and far away, between
 The stems, those mountains in their upward scope—
 Such be your present peace, and future hope.

JUNE.

ROSALIND AT NORWOOD.—TWELFTH NIGHT CHARACTER OF 1837.

WELCOME, wand'ring Rosalind,
 From the melancholy glade
 By the tangled copses made,
 Which the brushwoods bind ;
 Welcome to our sunny slopes,
 With the dark brown hills afar ;
 Fresh as life's ascending star,
 Bright as its hopes.

Come when the south wind leads his march of clouds,
 As he would disembark them from the sky ;
 In beautiful array the sweeping crowds,
 With mingled light and shade, are hurrying by,
 And the whole heav'n rolls on in majesty.
 Yet gentle is the time, and soft the air,
 As when he gazes on thy changing eye,
 That young Orlando, and thy forehead fair,
 And sees a summer season passing there.

JULY.

NIGHT STEAM-BOAT FROM CALAIS.

LIKE some quick dream she flies along the sleep
 Of the chain'd waters, which betray her path
 The breast once heaving, then regain their deep
 And wide repose. The crescent Dian hath
 Derob'd, and hid within th' imperial bath,

Hath left her garments floating on the night,
 The ever-watching stars all circled by.
 On the low coast the slow revolving light
 Gives a far moral to the sailor's eye :—
 "The darkest clouds with hope behind grow bright ;
 The brightest hopes of earth turn pale and die."
 Come sleep, my love, and our returning sight
 Shall wake on scenes most sweet beneath the sky ;
 God keep thee, Britain ! in thine ancient might,
 Begirt with loyal loves, and hearts that guard the right.

AUGUST.

"A sad thing happened yesterday at Shanklin :—two little children were drowned on the beach while bathing."—*Letter from Isle of Wight.*

NONE but a widow'd mother, and no noise,
 Save sobbing, near them, side by side
 They pillowed were that night, their idle toys
 And little garments, heap'd, as when they died.

The moonlight enters, and from far away,
 The faithless murmur of the sea ;
 They tremble at it *now* no more, and she
 Will never smile beneath the moon, as they.

Be calm, poor mother ; give again to love
 The fragile loveliness He gave ;
 A life that came by water from above,
 Is perfect now, safe in that harmful wave.

If they had waited by the world, and tried
 Its waters, smooth but to beguile ;
 If they had sought and sunk beneath *that* tide,
 Oh, would they smile, as now they sleep and smile ?

OCTOBER AND NOVEMBER CONTRASTED IN THEIR EXPRESSION OF
MELLOWED AND ASSURED, OR OF MELANCHOLY FEELINGS ; THE
ALMOST INVARIABLE MILDNESS OF OUR NOVEMBERS SEEMING
TO LEND TO THEM THE QUALITY OF HOPE.

OCTOBER.

As exiles meet their land, when she late learneth,
That they have suffer'd wrong, who suffered gladly
For her sweet sake, tho' foreign suns fell sadly ;
As a cag'd dove to its dear mate returneth,
And all the tenderness in which she burneth ;
And like as pity binds the broken-hearted ;
And as a mother o'er her lost child yearneth—
A mother that is widow'd since they parted ;
As one, long clime-divided, folds a brother ;
As a repentant son the sire he thwarted ;
As clouds, which God hath charg'd in thundry weather,
Confess their God in light, then weep together ;
So met two hearts, and flowed into each other,
As rivers meet, but never parted more
Than those fond streams at sea, though death
shut out their shore.

NOVEMBER.

TO HOPE.

Com'st thou to tempt on this wind, flatterer ?
Where are the frosts of yesterday ? the air,
All gentleness, is as a maiden fair
To one who knows her heaven's minister.
I wander on the uplands, and among
The woods but half uncloth'd ; and the sweet breeze,
Is low and musical, as when it rung
In summer changes, playing with the trees.

Hope, shall I welcome to thy sympathies
 A heart which yesterday was shut and bound
 With needful sorrow, like the hardened ground ?
 Alas ! I fear thee ; rather let Him freeze
 Mine earthliness, and mellow make my breast,
 Since he hath taught the watchful price of rest.
 NORWOOD, *Midnight*, 15th.

“THY PEOPLE SHALL BE WILLING IN THE DAY OF THY POWER.”

THOU canst not stay the progress of His power ;
 Thou canst not meet nor turn aside His thought,
 Nor tire His love, oh human heart ! the hour
 Shall come at last, when thou art willing, brought
 A captive in the web thy life hath wrought.
 Time or the blast shall break the bar ; a flower
 Held 'stead of Him shall fade, or unto nought
 Come gold, when He shall bid the rust devour.
 Oh fondly follow'd heart ! when He pursues,
 Turn not, at bay, to love some *holiest* thing,
 Or seek to banish heav'n with its own dyes ;
 The highest mountains hinder most the skies :
 His very arms may foil, which thou wouldst use ;
 That sweet be set *above* to lure thy wing.

PSALM 130. DE PROFUNDIS.

LET it arise, oh Lord ! before thy throne,
 Tho' from the darkest depth proceed my prayer ;
 If thou regard my sin that brought me there,
 There, must I ever stay, with death, alone.

But thou dost pardon sin, that our despair
 Of knowing all thy mercy, may make known
 Our ways to be unrighteous, thine most fair,
 A holy harvest of forgiveness sown.
 Oh God ! I feel this heavy darkness o'er me,
 And all the pressure of the midnight deep,
 And more I hope, and wait, upon Thy light,
 Than they who watch the morning from the night.
 He that doth Israel in His mercy keep,
 Shall bow His bright redemption to restore me.

MORNING.

HER Bible lit the vigils of the night ;
 Now let it be the charm that holds her sleep ;
 The power that turns her darkness into light,
 From her sweet eyes the prying day shall keep,
 And let them slumber, lest they wake to weep.
 If pray'r of men be strong, as its delight ;
 If it prevail with Him, as it be deep,
 (Whose hand hath fed the flame and kept it bright,)
 Hear one unworthy who prevents the dawn ;
 Let her dear presence be a guarded ground,
 By sense of angels camp'd and curtain'd round.
 Pale hour ! instead of hers accept his tears,
 Fast as those melancholy clouds of morn,
 Steep her in hope, that o'er the east appears.

So stole along the stream his silent stem,
 So still the water as wide rivers are,
 That though the rapids warn'd him from afar,
 He never knew that he was nearing them.

Even a glance of their white trouble came
 At intervals, and, yet, so distant seem'd,
 He only thought on *sunset* ; if he dream'd
 The future, it was soften'd in that flame.
 But 'mid the influence of that crossing care,
 Beguiling from its swiftness, and more wild
 When it had gain'd a heart so soon beguil'd,
 A mighty hand doth stop and hold him there ;
 That he may fully see that fearful strait,
 And, helpless else, on God for safety wait.

HER bosom was a lake, where the deep skies
 Gaz'd till they saw themselves resembled there ;
 And she return'd those looks with her blue eyes
 That spoke the answer of reflected prayer.
 A time, like June, came on the middle air ;
 It might be love, and such as earth supplies ;
 Her heart smil'd on the hour—but, quickly, care,
 Love's darkness, rose, as summer tempests rise,
 And shook that sweet lake to its hidden bed :
 The heavens look'd on, and seem'd to calm again
 The panting surface of her wounded thought.
 Will she *forget* the June ? flowers that are shed
 May burst and garland on what spring has brought.
 Or—all is *June* above—no storm—no pain ?

NORWOOD.

ALONG the valley cross'd a mass of cloud,
 And only frown'd on one particular spot.
 All elsewhere smil'd the kingly sun, and bow'd
 To each upturned eye, save one forgot.

You may remember it ; and how the hot
 Tho' early summer with the spring had vow'd
 To pour in autumn's lap his purple lot.
 I know what then I felt, as I feel now :
 A cloud will pass from men, but will it leave
 The life and freshness of the rain-fed earth ?
 Yet dark and hissing storms may be the birth
 Of strength ; and o'er a wrath-deliver'd brow
 May light come sweet from Him who made it grieve.

THE mellow midnight bells are breathing rest,
 Over the waking morn and night departed.
 I touch the brink of either, double-hearted ;
 For Hope, the syren-singing charm, that dressed
 The day, turns back to look, like a dear guest
 Who goes unwillingly ; but, having smarted
 Too well in her expression, it were best
 To lose her eyes, which oft have false thoughts darted,
 And turn mine own upon the Sabbath time,
 That musically steals upon the earth.
 That voice is safe and holy, and will speak
 Stay to the broken, comfort to the weak.
 Yet, (keep me low, oh God ;) I own the worth
 Of yesterday that dies upon that chime.

25th.-26th.

GEN. III. 17—19.

When man pluck'd sin from earth, his Lord's command
 Bid toil and grief, with weed and thorn to grow :
 Because he took it from a woman's hand,
 That hand (yet still how softly) brings him woe ;

But not more *surely* shall his cultur'd land
Nurse him with all the life he needs below,
Than love, the life in which men's spirits expand,
From the dear bosom which they tend shall flow.
From handicraft, perchance, may flowers arise,
More beautiful than those of Paradise.
God, who draws good from ill, alone doth know
The joy of a man's heart for woman's wounded ;
The sweetest songs with sorrow are surrounded,
As stars, 'mid stormy clouds, more brightly glow.

NORWOOD TWELFTH NIGHT CHARACTERS, 1838.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF

SHAKSPEARE GALLERY, LODGE'S PORTRAITS, &c.

SONG.

TITANIA SLEEPING.

So sleep, my lady fair,
And dream a prophet-dream
Of love's sweet coming care ;
But let my presence seem
To wait thee, waking, there.
Then will I cease to know
Cold reason, and her rule ;
And choose a certain woe ;
Ay—learn to be a fool—
If thou'lt not think me so.

January, 1838.

LADY JANE GREY.

LORD GUILDFORD ASKED AN INTERVIEW BEFORE THEIR EXECUTION,
WHICH WAS NOT GRANTED.

Was it less dear to her, that last farewell,
When she refused her lord his sad request ?
Alas ! she dar'd not let her spirit dwell
On what she priz'd, within *this* world, the best,
Whose thought was, in *another*, gone to rest.
Had he been less belov'd, she could have borne
The last embraces of a husband's breast.
Oh, ye sweet women—lonely and forlorn !

Who meet distress when weaker men will faint;
 Who cannot bear their love, when parting comes,
 Yet meekly bear their passionate complaint;
 Forgive man's *fondness*; and the countless sums
 Of sorrow he has brought—too well ye know
 To hide your own, and take away our woe.

WOLSEY.

THE rays that lit the service of his zeal,
 Came from, and for himself, and there, return;
 So, all converged inwards, dimly burn,
 And cannot warm his nature, or reveal
 An open-hearted radiance, clear and fair,
 Fed by the freedom of the liberal air.

Men, who serve God in serving other men,
 Shall feel the love they shed on every heart
 Reflected to their own; that will impart
 Its virtue when their weakness comes again.
 They cannot die alone, for God is nigh;
 And troops of loving deeds keep passing by.

PERDITA.

WINTER'S TALE. ACT IV. S. 3.

CAM. PROSPERITY's the very bond of love,
Whose fresh complexion, and whose heart together
Affliction alters.

PER. One of these is true
I think—affliction may subdue the cheek,
But not take in the mind.

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediment.

Shak. Son.

'Tis said, that some can tell where hid springs lie,
By bearing a bent hazel in their walk,
Above the water which the ground conceals,
And from the gifted hand the slim twig flies
When the spring's near; some secret charm
Striking the note 'twixt similar qualities.
So when the fav'ring falcon led the prince
Within the ranging glance of Perdita,
His fluttering heart, strung and attun'd like hers,
Touch'd by her thought, revealed a virtue near;
Some hidden treasure kept for him alone.
Alike they were of birth, of fortune like,
(Tho' one was mask'd in fate and circumstance :)
But more alike they were in that sweet rule
Which God hath given over all they saw,
Or felt, of earth, or heaven; over flowers,
Begot of both, and stars, the flow'rs of heav'n,
Bedded and group'd with toil of earthly thought.

And while they lov'd this love, which either had
 To all without them, they were most alike
 In wide capacity to love each other.
 Skies bar the trial, gentle Perdita,
 Whether thy cheek would pale at evil news,
 Which bring the warm blood warmer round thy heart.
 Oh drest in nature's flowers, "unusual weeds"
 If they must see thee in short widowhood,
 Be thy peace, like them, rather quick than dead,
 Tho' it be sever'd from the stay it had.
 Rough be thy love-course just to prove it true,
 And coming smoothness all the past out-do.

KING CHARLES WAS KEPT PRISONER FOR A SHORT PERIOD IN STOKE
 PARK, NEAR TO WINDSOR CASTLE.

THE kingly nature could not be depos'd,
 Oh captive Charles! from thy despoiled brow;
 And on the guarded walk, or dwelling clos'd,
 The very shadow of thy castle now
 Falls in remembrance of thy former state;
 And thou shalt prove man's love and try his vow,
 And find it faithful o'er thy coming fate.
 As thou wast born too much a king to bow;
 And stoodst too much an erring man, to stand;
 Tho' to the last thine eye shalt have command,
 And see the best of earth, yet must thou know,
 In losing it, the utmost of its woe;
 But this shall make that mansion brighter be,
 Thy faultless Lord hath built and bought for thee.

HELENA.

It were all one, that I should love a bright particular star
And seek to wed it—he is so above me.

Impossible be strange attempts to those
That weigh their pains in sense, and do suppose
What hath been cannot be.

Alf's Well that Ends Well.

SWEET contradiction, art thou, Helena !
But hope, that dwells above the starry way—
Beyond the reach of sense, doth reconcile
Thy words and wishes, painting love's despair
With such an eye of future peace, as thine.
Dear hope ! forget not thou to minister
For all, who live, and dream, and mourn like her.
So love, that would consume their hearts away,
Itself shall bring thy patience to relieve,
As eastern islands keep themselves by day,
With visions of the certain breeze of eve.

SIR PHILIP SYDNEY.

HE HAD THE WOUND WHICH, AFTER FOURTEEN DAYS' SUFFERING,
BROUGHT HIM TO THE GRAVE, AT THE BATTLE OF ZUTPHEN,
WHERE HE FOUGHT WITH AMAZING PROWESS.

DEATH lay in wait to take so great a prize,
Yet, what he struck, delay'd to bear away,
So marked him for his own, the while his eyes
Bar all escape as tigers keep their prey.
Short-sighted death ! while thou dost stop to play
With thy success, it passes from thy hand ;
Hadst thou but closed his thought when all the fray
Was hanging on the arm of his command ;
Or borne him from the crowded hall ; or come
To quench his poet-song in quiet home ;
Then had been seen man's weakness, and thy power :
Now, in his days of pain, and fever'd nights,
When earth is more than vain, his soul delights,
Gazing on heaven, to count thy coming hour.

OPHELIA.

"FANTASTICALLY DREST WITH STRAWS AND FLOWERS." ACT IV. S. 5.

THE flowers, that should have deck'd her bridal morn,
 Are strewn upon the burial of her mind,
 And, with sweet meanings, mock the brow they bind,
 Whence is intention faded off and worn.
 His influence was her peace, or, if she pined
 In the enchantment of his eye, her care
 Made the sole happiness she cared to find;
 So when that eye seem'd quench'd and disenthroned;
 That presence of his soul and feature parted,
 Her reason follow'd his, whose rule it own'd.
 Her head is straw-clad; whence dishevell'd hair
 Falls down, to hide her bosom, broken hearted.
 Earth hath no more to give her but a grave;
 Where he shall meet her soon, who might not save.

CROMWELL.

To wrest his sceptre from thy monarch's hand,
 To step at once upon his vacant throne:
 Such was thy rule, but with more stern command
 Than that, for which his rule was overthrown—
 Historic beacon! set the world to warn—
 Lest thy crown lure, reveal its secret thorn.

The fortunes of a melancholy king,
 Arise between thy peace, and the great day;
 The memories of fraud, each double thing
 That great adventurers must do and say,
 Like some sure whirlpool, have a hold on thee,
 Thou canst not shun, thou canst not choose but see.

DESDEMONA.

PALE are the pomps of Persia's conqueror—
 How weak the triumph of his victories,
 Beside the spoil, which these beseeching eyes
 Have heap'd upon the fortunes of the Moor,
 When her submission best approv'd his war.
 Earth—earth ! art thou not steep'd in vanity ?
 One weeps, when the wide world obeys his law,
 Who has not more to win—when he would know
 Who wins this almost Paradise below—
 It's good and ill, he finds but, that to die
 Is fruit of knowledge. Oh Venetian name !
 Thou dost enshrine him with a sweeter state,
 Only to make his end more desolate,
 Who fir'd his fane, and fell, within the flame.

BEATRICE.

BEN. COME, I will have thee, but by this light,
 I take thee for pity.

B. I yield upon great persuasion, and partly
 To save your life, for I was told you were in a consumption.

BEN. Peace, I will stop your mouth.

Much ado About Nothing. Act V. s. 4.

FANCY ! thou shapest shafts to any breast ;
 No mail so made but thou canst find the joint,
 No sleep so sure but thou canst disappoint,
 When comes at last the time of their unrest.
 To shew thy tyrant power, thou dost invest
 The weakest ones with strength the strong to slay,
 And bring a brow, in thought and wisdom drest,
 To fall before the simplest maiden's sway.

But this wild opposition thou wilt move
 With like offence, subtler than alchemist,
 And from two wits, which swore to disunite,
 Evolve another substance, smothered love,
 That warms them unawares ; yet he would strike
 Her dumb with kisses e'er she clear'd the mist.

MIRANDA.

ACT I. S. 2. AFTER ARIEL'S SONG, AND ACT III. S. 1.

MIR. HENCE bashful cunning,
 And prompt me plain and holy innocence—
 I am your wife if you will marry me.

EER. Ay, with a heart as willing
 As bondage e'er of freedom.

(PROS. They are both in either's powers, but thy swift business
 I must uneasy make, lest too light winning
 Make the prize light.)

AH ! breast most subtle, if not most sincere ;
 Most seeming gen'rous, who requirest most ;
 Whose gifts bring pain of poverty—the fear
 And sense of want, should they be had and lost ;
 Whose open innocence of offered love,
 Binds more than bolts, and daylight iron-cross'd ;
 He could abide thy calm, were it above,
 In heaven, which it is like ; now is he toss'd
 Upon thy very bosom, lest the earth
 Turn as he top it, and assert its right,
 To break its promise, and its fruit to blight.
 Fear not, oh father ! hearts, that for a pearl
 Sell kingdoms, joy with trembling, till they furl
 In some sure haven such a freighted worth.

ANN PAGE.

ACT III. SCENE IV.

See scene with Fenton, to "Hark you hither."

SHE is more weighty with her gold to love,
Yet weighs as well without it in her scale :
She is more sweet when she is kind, and yet
She is as sweet, when she's herself alone ;
Who would refuse an offered joy in heaven ?
But still without it he's in heav'n the same.
Love thou'rt the only prophet that canst solve
The myst'ry of that merry monarch's wit ;
And add to brimming cup without overflowing it.

CELIA.

At the first sight they have chang'd eyes.

Tempest.

No sooner met, than they look'd ; no sooner look'd, but they loved ; no sooner
lov'd, but they sigh'd ; no sooner sigh'd, but they ask'd one another the reason ;
no sooner knew the reason, but they sought the remedy.

As You Like It.

Nor in the glare of night,—the languid night—
They meet, with forests for their company,
Beneath the keenness of the morning light,
And open ceiling of the early sky,

When the soul's out, careering in the eye.
 They like each other's bearing, 'till they stay
 Their gaze, for the chang'd sight dwells inwardly
 On ravish'd hearts, which each has borne away ;
 The meeting sparks have fus'd those hearts to one,
 Whose flash was love : now is a spoken sigh
 Their eloquent breath, with which, they so reply,
 (Oh fine logicians ! who can *all* affirm
 With their particular eyes,) that in the germ
 Of plighted arguments, the end's begun.

SONG.

ROSALIND—AS YOU LIKE IT—FOREST FORTUNES.

WHERE the stream runs slowly ;
 Where the moss lies lowly ;
 Where the boughs are ringing ;
 And the wild birds singing ;
 A maid should be to hear
 What brings her hope and fear.

Where the last leaves lying
 With the year are dying ;
 Where the clouds are sailing
 In the wind prevailing,
 A man should be to see
 What makes him lost or free.

By the blooming heather
 Let them be together ;
 Or the solemn beeches,
 When a look beseeches,
 Ere is cast and heard
 The bosom's burning word.

Underneath the heaven
 Be those pledges given ;
 Joy *that* light can borrow
Thence is peace for sorrow ;
 Love's heaven is doubly dear—
 For love is hope and fear.

JULIET.

OH we would fancy thee a rosebud blown
 Before the sun is high ; or violet
 With breath like nights in summer ; or, the star,
 The first that will believe the day is gone.
 And thou shouldst be a dove, such as Eve fed
 With her caress ; or we would call thee fair
 As waters, watched in moonlight ; soft as eyes
 That open meanings, sweet as their replies—
 And more than these, wer't thou not *Juliet* ?

THE ABANDONMENT OF NAVY ISLAND.

Go ! like your deeds, wrapt in the hue of night ;
 'Tis something that ye cannot face the day,
 And, like the rebel spirits, flee away,
 Who covered, as they fell, their looks of light.
 Go, dwell by some still streamlet and repent ;
 Thence summon (what Omniscience never knew)
 Texts of equality, to any few
 Who know not, though that stream should teach, content.
 While, for a penance, by the humble shore,
 Remorse shall ever bring the majesty
 Of that eternal river and its roar,
 Which ye had sooner dar'd to venture nigh,
 Than grieve your Country with a feeble stroke,
 Save that ye thought to fly ere she awoke.

February, 1838.

PARTING.

As thou art graven on my breast,
 So may I be, where I was kind, on thine ;
 Remove from thy remembrance all the rest,
 To perfect mine.

QUEEN ADELAIDE'S FAREWELL TO WINDSOR.

The castle-court is chafed with pawing steed ;
 The aisle is silent now, as he that sleeps ;
 The life-guard for his lord the last watch keeps,
 Which he hath ceased to need.

And flambeaux on the busy midnight play
 The moving panoplies of plumed war,
 And feign to man with them the walls afar,
 Whose king is pass'd away.

While standing on the brink of either state
 A moment look'd above Queen Adelaide
 And trembled in the porch, as if afraid
 To bare her desolate

And weary heart again to outward life,
 Or close it, from the cherish'd signs of death ;
 Her crowned *thought* she there depositeth,
 Who cannot be a wife.

That moment gave the strength such prayers confer ;
 So came she calmly forth, and as she bow'd
 Her yet imperial glance on that fond crowd,
 They bent their hearts to her ;

And in their many tears revealed the woe
 Of bitter thoughts, for her, become more dear
 In her farewell, as for the lonely bier
 Which they had borne below.

Undiadem'd beneath the midnight air
 She stood, within the shadow of the past ;
 But while on what she left she look'd her last,
 A flood of love and prayer

Was poured upon her self-uncover'd brow ;
 Each bosom was a priest for her—each eye
 Wept blessings in that temple of the sky ;
 And re-anointed now,

She is the Queen of holy memories,
 Which alter not with Time, nor own his wing—
 Bells break the morning—hark ! with eager spring
 Her envious escort flies,

Impatient of the earth on which it trod—
 When angel hands shall toll away the night ;
 As left Queen Adelaide her castled height,
 So may she rise to God.

THE ROSE.

ODE FOR MUSIC. TO THE QUEEN, NOV. 9, 1837.

"So doth the Rose seem to figure the power and beauty of the earth, as doth the moonlight those of the Mediator, and the Sun, of God."

THE soul her lofty worship brings
 To God, who shineth in the sun ;
 The moon hath softer service won—
 That veiled image of the King of kings :
 She is the *heavenly* queen of earthly things ;
 The Rose—she is the *earthly* one.

Oh lovely flower ! when eyes of mirth
 Are met with beauty, and the night,
 Take from those tribute-altars bright,
 The music of the earth.

Thou art the single stem that rears
 Its fragrance for an empire's good.
 Too true is heaven to have withstood
 The supplication of thy people's fears.
 For thee the best and bravest hearts their tears,
 The sweetest ones, would give, their blood.

Oh gentle Queen ! thy virgin throne
 Is homaged on a thousand swords,
 Which slumber on a maiden's words ;
 And wake for them alone.

It well becometh manly pride
 To bow before thy single power
 So mellow'd in the moonlight hour
 Of kingliness with womanhood allied—
 O'er *thee* to pour the vows it is denied,
 Which *men* may lavish—on a flower—

Yet, precious Rose ! thy parent sky
 Shall grant us, 'till it take thee there,
 To watch with dews of earthly prayer
 The bloom that may not die.

